STEENIE.

- Sturdy Steenie, rose-cheeked, bright-eyed, Standing at the open door, Bidding me good-bye with kisses And with promises a score:
- "Pill be just as good as—apples!
 "Bey my aunties and not cry,
 Nor tease Mabe or wake the baby,
 Till you comes, mamma! Good-bye!"
- So I started, musing softly
 On the blessings God had given
 In my children. "Surely," said I,
 "They are cherubs strayed from Heaven!
 Hearts so full of tender loving,
 Eyes with earnest impulse bright—
 Round them still there seem to linger
 Halos of gelestiat light."
- Halos of celestial light!" Two hours' labor, home returning
- Languidly, with weary feet,
 Standing in the self-same doorway
 Little Mabe I chanced to greet;
 Bright blue eyes all flushed with weeping,
 Lips a-quiver, cheeks a-flame;
 Eagerly, to pour her sorrows
 Into mamina's ear, she came.
- " Mamma, Steenie's been so naughty! First he told Aunt Sallie 'won't,'
 Then he scratched my little table,
 Though I asked him 'please to don't!'
 Then he screeched and waked the baby,
 Frightened him most to a fit,
 And when Aunt Belle called him naughty,
 Said he didn't care a bit!
- 'Then he made a face at Dolly, Said she was an 'ugly sing.'
 Said some day he's going to hang her'
 To the door-knob with a string.
 Then I told him if he did it
 You would send him right to bed,
- So he thumped me on the shoulder— See the place—it's ancful red! "When he saw you coming, mamma, He hid himself behind the door, And he's wearing out his slippers Poundin' with 'em on the floor.
- Mamma, if he is so wicked,
 Does so many drefful things,
 Will he ever be an angel
 Up in Heaven with shiny wings?"
- With a sudden jerk, my visions Of celestial cherubs fled. Frowningly my brow contracted, In an accent stern I said: "Come to me, you naughty fellow!
 What are all these things I hear?
 Rude to aunties, striking sister! I must punish you, I fear!"
- From his stronghold came the culprit, Seeming not at all afraid Round his mouth the dimples lurking, Brown eyes beaming undismayed. By my knee he took his station,
- Small defiance in the air. Answering only to my chidings, Saucily: "I doesn't care!" In my eyes the tear-drop started, Angergiving place to pain: "O, my baby, how you grieve me! Are my teachings all in vain?"
- Suddenly two arms were round me— Little ingers softly drew Down my quivering lips to meet his, "Kiss me, mamma—I loves you!" This was all of his confession, All his plea for pardoning grace, Yet I knew that he had conquered, By the love-light in his face,
- So I gave him absolution—
 Though I pondered sadly still.
 On this mingled human nature,
 Half of good and half of ill.
- Inwardly I prayed for wisdom Safe my little band to guide Through the perils that beset them, Softly falling from above:
- Safest guard and guide, O, mother,
 Is the holy power of love!"

 —Anna L. Ruth, in Boston Transcript.

THE COL. BILL WILLIAMS MINE.

They had struck it at Boulder. The "Col. Bill Williams Mine" up Boulder Canyon was said to be richer than the Comstock. Californians for sook ranches, mines and vineyards, and poured like a torrent from the West into Denver. At Denver this tide met a like stream from the East. These streams united and flowed on together into Boulder Canyon.

The writer was borne in on the crest of this flood tide and reached the famous "Col. Bill Williams Mine" at twilight, when the Colonel had gone to his supper, and his men were busy, lighting the pine torches and knots that hung about the mine, preparatory to setting the miners at work in the shaft for the

The mine was situated on a little flat in the great canyon, just under the hotel and the few other houses that made up the town, on one side of the canyon, the savage cliffs that looked down from from the other.

An hour later, when the new famous mine was in operation, there were to be seen a creaking derrick, with ropes enough to rig a ship, a shaft, with men passing up and down, dripping and muddy, and talking mysteriously and wagging some one. At length Ginger said: their heads at each other, as if down there they had come upon the hidden and awful secrets of the earth; while over all the blazing pine-knots shed a wild and gorgeous light.

Close by the side of this shaft an enterprising red-headed man, called "Ginger," had established a bar for the benefit of the dripping and mysterious men who kept climbing up and down the shaft. An awning of canvas cov- and the admiring miners nudged each ered the few bottles that stood on the rough boards constituting this "bar;" and behind the derrick, which was kept busy hoisting rocks and buckets of I ever done in my life afore. Salted? earth from out the shaft, there was Well, I should illuminate!" The honest piled up as high as a man's head a ragged wall of quartz and granite. Through and then, setting down his glass, said, this there was an open pass or gate-slowly: "I tried first, you know, boys, way, by which people entered who to catch a syndercate—a syndercate of wished to see the new discovery, the lambs from New York. Well, they sent great "Col. Bill Williams Mine."

the light of the flaming torches, a thousand camp-fires could be seen. The whole face of the Rockies seemed to be half to report favor'bly. Half! Think here, all lace and gold and ruffles. Do illuminated. The host that had poured of it, boys! Wanted half of an honest in from the four parts of the world were camped before the mighty citadel of Fortune as in a siege. Looking up this canyon and on and up the mountains into heaven, it was difficult to say where the camp-fires left off and the stars be-

The men kept coming up and going down this shaft so busily that a stranger, the trouble. I wouldn't give him half, or one not used to mines and miners, on a p'int of principle, p'int of honor. would have said there were at least a It was too much. I offered him a third." thousand brave and stalwart men down there. But an old Californian would at once have detected that there was somemournfully shook his head. thing singularly superficial in this, and, indeed, in all the appointments of the canyon yonder offered him two-thirds place. He would have noticed, too, of all they got, and he took it. No that the men saluted the barkeeper principle in them miners up that at all." familiarly, and drank with suspicious

From the rocky side of the canyon the old trapper, "Rocky Mountain Kit," time, boys. Come up and drink again,

including himself in the treat.

hair till it shot up like one of the pine-knots blazing about him. The miners hastened down into the mine. Old Rocky Mountain Kit undoubled himself, and down the shaft, pushed his hat a litation of the pine-grant of the pine-gra liams had come booming through the see old Maine, Maria, and the little ones. narrow rocky pass in the wall!

knowledged king of the new mining not appear, Old Kit creaked out: camp. He had a small, feeble and unthe coming of the Colonel, too, for as tion, Colonel Bill?" soon as he made his appearance he

The great, strong arm of the Colonel swooped out and took in the neck of the little Doctor, as if it were by chance, and with his broad hat pushed back from his brow he strode, without a word, past the mouth of the shaft to the bar. He leaned against the rough boards a moment, and then releasing the neck from his elbow, he turned with his back to the wall. Still disdaining a single word, he made another gesture with his arm and swooped in every one, strangers and all, who stood within the light of the pine-knots and torches that flamed behind, before, right and left, and above.

When all had drank, and the crowd had melted away, the Doctor-who was profession-handed his pill-bags to Ginleader, from under his glasses, as the giant still loafed against the bar.

ears of the Doctor from the black beard, the other side of the shaft: and then the satisfied face of Colonel Bill Williams beamed above him, like old juniper stump, and pose!" He tor, edgewise.

"Ho! ho! bless me soul, no!" puffed orce that knocked a cloud of Colorado lust from his old threadoure broadloth.

"Well, Dock, old pard, he's a-comin'.

"Stand still and pose! And don't you dare to move till that old less he is a coming' to have our mine. force that knocked a cloud of Colorado | I tell you! Hang you, pose!" dust from his old threadpare broad-

dust, too, I'm a Dutchman!" "You seed him, Colonel Bill? Seed

the old English lord?" "No, no, no; I didn't see him, Dock. I never seed a real live English lord in my hull life. No, but Snagly went into the hotel up thar, and seed him for me. Snagly, the Injun Agent; Ginger, you know him; pard of yours, eh? Well, he's smart. Gosh, all over. But can't he talk! You can't get a word in edgeways where Snagly is. And can't he lie, though; been a member of Congress; oh, can't he lie, though!" Hereupon "Rocky Mountain Kit"

creaked out: "And how do you know the old English lord has come to Colorado to buy

"How do I know he's come to Colorado to buy a mine? What else do these big bugs come to Colorado for? You don't s'pose a feller comes to Colorado for fun, do you?"

"Come to Colorado to buy a mine, or buy a mine or comes to be doctored for his health, don't he?" spoke up the little doctor, sharply.

There was a pause here, and the great leader looked first at the steady stream of men pouring up and down the shaft with the regularity of little meal buckets in a great mill, and then at the doorway in the wall of rocks, as if expecting "Got her salted, Colonel Bill?"

Gayly lifting his glass and waltzing forward, and looking down into the shaft, and then prancing back, the Colonel answered: "Salted?-I salted her-and then,

Here a low chuckle of delight came from the region of the great black beard, other with their elbows. The Colonel continued: "Why, I've put in more honest labor a-saltin' of this mine than miner grew thoughtful for a moment; out an expert. You all remember him, Standing there, and out a little from boys. An expert! And an expert from

swers and another drink; then the Col-

onel continued: "And he wouldn't take it!" ejacu-

"No! no! Then them fellers up the "Ah, principle don't pay in Colora-do, Colonel Bill," sighed the Doctor. "Pay! I lost a fortune right than,

epposite the little town you could sometimes hear the call of the coyote, and p'int of honor. But I'll catch 'em this a wreck and a relic who had been at- every one of you." Again the great tracted to the new mine by the thirst swooping arm brought the boys togeth-

ened up, and once or twice leaned with you'll all stand by me?" cried the Colo- He did not even ask for anything to her! I love every foot of her!" and From County Register ened up, and once or twice leaned with you'll all stand by mer cried the color his hand to his ear to listen. "It mout nel, as he shot his glass in the air. They drink. be wolves and it mout be Injuns," mut- all nodded assent. "I'll tell a thing, "Beaten ag'in, boys," at last mur- set down his foot firmly. "And this tered the half-doubled old man as he and you swear to it. Oh, I'm all here!" mured the Colonel, meekly, aside to the is Canada hey? Very glad to be again

ended his speech. Setting down his in." Suddenly there was a ripple of de-light. The red-headed barkeeper ran bar, with the eye of a brave, battle-been there long, swore furiously for a was toward the narrow pass in the great his two hands up through his flaming loving captain, he looked to see that moment, but, seeing he was alone, and stone wall by which he had entered, and

"Shoo! I thought I heard some one manhood he was. Tall, strong, broad-breasted, bearded like a prophet, black-eved, and altogether impressive, he miners all craned their necks and swore lustily as he drank, with the very stood before his followers there the ac- looked; but, as the expected visitor did

"And how will you know him. pretentious partner, with a stoop in his Colonel Bill, when he comes? A live shoulder, a squint in his eye, and a crack | lord! A real live English lord! Hicin his shrill, piping voice. This little all gold lace down here, eh? Jist that the Colonel, man's name was Doctor Baggs. The way in picter-books, Colonel Bill. But "Treats little" Doctor seemed to have been waiting for will you know him without a introduc-

"Know him? Why, I'd a know a ceased to seem longer one of the shape-less and dirty rocks that had made a know the 'stocracy? Hain't I be'n to "Well, w part of the wall, and came briskly for- Boston? O, I'll know him. Why, I lord, anyhow," half sneered the Doctor, brow!"

The riekety, drunken old trapper seemed satisfied, and tottered away, chuckling to himself as he jostled through the crowd. "A real, live English lord! All lace

and gold, gold and lace all up and down before. "Yes, and he'll be here in a minute, too!" cried the Colonel. "Listen! There he comes! Pose, boys, pose! Look

dignified! Look your best! Look your level best!" The miners all struck imposing attitudes, and the Colonel shouted out to and went on: "The British Lion, sir-

tell you!" But the old trapper only paused a really a doctor, at least by practice and moment in his meanderings, and then, tottering helplessly back to the Colonel, ger, and stood looking up, respectful fell laughing, maudlin-like, in his arms. one. Got another up canyon. Can and expectant, at the face of the bearded It looked as if he was going to be have it in full operation in two hours, troublesome. The Colonel spun him sir." about, and again shouted as he A low chuckle of delight reached the pushed, wrestled and dragged him to

"Now you stand in your place, you the sun through a rift of clouds, as a planted him hard, and again started, as broad hand descended and covered the a stout, dumpy figure darkened the the old nobleman at last, with his glass narrow shoulders of the Doctor, with a narrow pass in the stone wall: "Pose, to his eye, and a hand still to his throat.

Yes, he is, a-coming' to buy our mine. duffer comes!" cried the excited Colo- rado, my lord, to buy a mine?" cried And if I don't sell out to that old duffer | nel. Then, leaving the limp man with | Colonel Bill. "Got the biggest thing in this time and see Maine and Maria his knees smiting together, he stepped America, sir!" again, and with a bootleg full o' gold- back and mounted a pile of rocks by the bar. "Now, boys, yank out your Williams mine is a bigger bonanza than | hot! the Comstock!"

There was a flourish of rocks, and a chorus of approving voices. The Colonel was hardly in a more exalted state elbow, continued: of mind than his men. The prospect of selling a mine for half a million, plane of ordinary expectation. "The their chief, and flourishing their long, ragged arms in the air.

As this proceeding was at its height, the stout, dumpy figure at the gateway, clad in a rough, soiled suit of gray,

The Colonel was delighted with the enthusiastic behavior of his boys, and, with head high in the air, shouted: "That's splendid! That's glorious!

Keep it up! Keep it up! Keep it—"
Observing something unusual in the look of the crowd, the Colonel turned,

He went over to the bar and reached to Cinger for his change. saw the figure in the narrow passage, and pausing, and lowering his voice, had queried: "Now, who in the name of Old away Nick is that? Get out of the way thar! Thar's a lord a-comin'; do you hear?" roared the disgusted Colonel. "Get out or come in, you bloated old loafer. Who s he, Ginger, anyhow?" "Oh, he's a tender-foot, I guess. Get

for fear I'd forgot it, I salted her out of the way, thar!" "Oh, get out or come in!" shouted the Colonel. "Do you hear? We are lookin' for a gentleman."

The double chin of the stout, dumpy figure dropped an inch or two, perhaps, but the man himself did not move back, | the now empty shaft. forward, or aside one single inch to make way for the distinguished nobleman who had come to Colorado to buy

The enraged Colonel leaped down from the rocks at last in a fit of desperation, and, rushing forward, took the stranger by the collar.

"If you won't go out, come in and clear the pass, I say." And with one you hear?" And then he shook him till his teeth chattered. "Do you hear, I appalled at the audacity of the stranger, say; or are you deaf? Or are you dumb? and were correspondingly losing confi-Or what's the matter with you? Hain't dence in Colonel Bill. Now they stood you got no manners?" Again he shook about, gloomy, helpless, almost pennihim till the breath was out of him, and less. If he could not sell the mine, he the stranger attempted in vain to speak. "No! Don't you speak! Don't you dare to speak to me! If thar's any speakin' to be done, I'll do it myself. And don't you dare to speak to that lord when he you dare to speak to that lord when he comes; for I know your grammar's bad. far to go if you want to go to Canada. Now you stand thar and pose!" and The line runs right through my silverhere, being quite out of breath, he planted the half-strangled man by the shaft as if he were a post, and belonged toward my lord and drew a line with

"Pose, I tell you, and make an im-pression. And when that old Lord Howard comes-

est Englishman. "Eh? Eh? Be you the lord?"

"I-I am." for whisky rather than gold, straight- er in a knot at the rickety bar. "And He did not curse. soil! God bless old England! I love worth about \$19,000,—N. Y. Mail.

first breath he had to spare.

"He's a gentleman," squeaked the Doctor, aside to the Colonel, as he wiped his mouth on his sleeve. "Swears like a gentleman," answered

"Treats like a gentleman," creaked

"And pays like a gentleman," said Ginger, as he raked in and clinked two

"Well, who cares for a live English could tell a lord by the noble look of his taking heart again from his full tumbler of Colorado lightning.

"We licked 'em at Bunker Hill, didn't we?" courageously responded the aurif'rous regions of Colorado." He broke down, struck an attitude again old Kit, in a voice of thunder: "Pose, I and the American Eagle, sir. The tell you!"

American Eagle, sir—sir—the British Lion and the American Eagle-sir-sir -sir-I-I-I'd like to sell you a mine, sir. No-no-not this one. Another one. Got another up canyon. Can

> My lord seemed a bit dazed and did not respond.

"Come to Colorado for your health, I s'pose, my lord?" piped in the Doc-

"Why, bless me soul, no! I want no duced with other fruits and vegetables it took fifty cents each.' Oh, how the mine. I want neither mine nor mediat the time the Romans were masters of fellow kicked. Then 'My dear,' he said specimens and be lookin' at 'em and cine. I-I-will you drink, gentlemen?" a-talkin' about 'em, and a-talkin' He had learned a Colorado trick or two. time and entirely lost, but was at length But he comes to me an' he says: 'Ole about my mine. Say that the Col. Bill Williams Mine is the biggest thing in makes me throat hurt; or was it the the reign of Henry VIII. Parkinson, in 'A dozen or fifteen,' says I. 'Well, Williams Mine is the biggest thing in makes me throat hurt; or was it the all Colorado. Say that the Col. Bill wisky? Hot! bless me soul, that was

The old nobleman wrestled bravely with the burning liquid, and Colonel Bill, who now stuck like a burr to his

rado's a hot country. But I'd like to together with the flood of Colorado sell you a mine up the canyon, sir; or successful forcer of this plant in Engwhisky, had lifted them far above the down the canyon, or anywhere you land was Thomas Fowler, gardener to please, my lord; forty foot vein, dips, Sir Nicholas Gould, of Stoke Newing-'Col. Bill Williams Mine' is a bigger bonanza than the Comstock," roared the miners, as they rallied around liquid state on next cross-cut and interskirts of London, and is stated in Dr. section level. Like to sell you that mine. my lord. Buy a silver mine, sir? I'll sell you a gold mine; sell you a dia-mond mine!"

"Why bless me soul, do you Colorado "Come to Colorado to buy a mine, or else to be doctored. Every human inner edge of the wall, and looked on in finally, after he had screwed his eyempter amazement.

"Come to Colorado to buy a mine, or inner edge of the wall, and looked on in finally, after he had screwed his eyempter amazement."

"Come to Colorado to buy a mine, or inner edge of the wall, and looked on in finally, after he had screwed his eyempter amazement." advanced down the narrow stone to the men think of nothing but selling a glass in its place and had looked long and curiously at the giant before him. "Why, at Denver, a dozen men wanted to sell me a mine before I got the dust out of me eyes; and here you all seem He went over to the bar and reached his hand to Ginger for his change. He had heard enough and wanted to go

"O, that's all right. That's all paid," answered Ginger. "I want me change. I gave you two

sovereigns, me man. I gave you two "Yes, yes, I know. That's all right. You see, sovereigns are at a discount in Colorado."

"Bless me soul! Then I'd better go at once, and get on into Canada."

And he walked aside, and, big with unborn English oaths, looked down into

"Don't want any mine," said the "Nor don't want any medicine," gloomily answered the Doctor. "He's a

sort of ole'margarine lord, anyhow, he is. Let's go for him!" "Says he wants to git into Canada," chuckled the Colonel.

The big-hearted Colonel Bill Williams was reckless now. He had met with many failures in his stormy life on the border, but none so inglorious as this he had just encountered. He was in disgrace before all his men, who had been thought to himself he would at least sell the very green old Englishman. back over his shoulder, as he advanced

and you takes your choice. The nobleman looked at him a moment in admiration of this unexampled "Why, why, bless me soul, I-I-I'm impudence. Then, as if believing all, Lord Howard!" at last gasped the hon- and quietly accepting the situation of with examining her pockets, vowing byes and gurrls that they name their things, he stepped forward and said: with upturned eyes and solemn tones States by them. There's O'Hier, and "Why, bless me soul! Is that Canada?" that she had nothing concealed. They O'Regon and Mrs. O'Re; which the and this seeming simple old man looked gallantly complied, and went away with same is meant for Mrs. O'Hara, and I

the honest old Briton crossed over and set down his foot firmly. "And this hobbled away from the bar, where he had sandwiched himself in between two muddy miners and so had succeeded in Colonel struck his broad breast and country to make a livin north star that just grazed the brow of the steep bluff above him, he pompously

as if he were a rusty old jack-knife, and the further back from his brow, turned wicked little coyote calling from the ness, one by one, as the lights grew smacked his parched lips. The pine- the quid of tobacco in his cheek, and hills above, but that was all. At last, lower, and as the last torch flickered torches and pine-knots that burned on then tranquilly waited, certain of vic- the two men began to gasp and gaze out, the great speculator, whose feeble every hand seemed to glow and burn tory, certain that at last he was to sell at each other as they got their respec-with brighter flame. Colonel Bill Wil- his mine, pocket the money, and again tive breaths. The Englishman, who rolled himself in a blanket by the side had been rubbing his throat, saw the of his prospect hole, and left Colorado bar, and, as if resolved to see if he could to the wonderful stars and the coyote A magnificent specimen of physical a-comin'," said the doctor, as he lifted a still swallow, called up the crowd with howling from the hill.—Joaquin Miller, in The Century.

History of the Cucumber.

The cucumber is known to have been cultivated for over three thousand years. In ancient Egypt it was extensively we treat him right. We sort o' scram-grown and is so at the present day. The ble among ourselves for him, and refuse the Israelites in the wilderness. We also find it mentioned in other parts of takes at the hotel, where he sits at meals, Scripture. It is mentioned in a particthe neighborhood of Antioch were con- to sit an' smoke after dinner. There's sidered by the ancient Greeks the finest. Columella mentions that the inhabitants of Mendes, in Egypt, were accustomed to take the largest bramble bush they Colonel, aside to his piping little part-ner; and then, with the new inspiration ny spot; cut it down about the time of never. We hook him every time. (Yes, upon him, he advanced and, bowing profoundly to Lord Howard as he reached his hand, exclaimed with a flourish of the arm that took in the of which were well covered over with the very same. They pay big, an of whole Rocky Mountains: "You are well-same to withstand the cold. By whole Rocky Mountains: "You are wel-come, sir. Welcome to the balmy breezes, the lofty altitudes, and the cumbers all the year round. This same cumbers all the year round. This same author states that cucumbers ought to be propagated from seed that has been steeped in milk and honey for a couple of days, this method having the effect of rendering them sweeter and pleasanter

to the taste. Pliny states that in Italy the cucumbers are small, but in some countries are large and of a wax color or black. He tells us that the Emperor Tiberius was so fond of this vegetable that it was served up at his table all the year round. The same author appears to have considered the cucumber unwholesome in ive in the stomach until the next day, and can not be reduced to food: but, when boiled and served up with oil, vinegar and honey, it makes a delicious salad; he also recommends a pinch of the seed beaten up with cumin and taken with wine as a good remedy for a

cucumber was not generally cultivated "Climate! Climate, my lord! Colo- till almost the middle of the seventeenth century, and it is stated that the first the depot an' charged 'em two dollars Wynter's "Curiosities of Civilization" that fourteen acres might be seen under hand glasses in a single domain, and that it has been known that two hundred thousand gherkins have been cut without the aid of glass, for the London markets during the summer months. The village of Sandy, in Bedfordshire, has been known to furnish ten thousand bushels of gherkins in one week for pickling purposes.

The cucumber, notwithstanding it sextensive use, is considered unwholesome by most medical men. Dr. Doran, in his "Table Traits," mentions that in the days of Evelyn (1699) the cucumber was looked upon as only one remove from poison, and adds that it had better be eaten and enjoyed with that opinion in one's memory. Abernethy also gave a quaint recipe for its use, which was to peel the cucumber, slice it, pepper , put vinegar to it, then throw it out

The extent to which this vegetable is consumed by the inhabitants of Egypt and the southwest of Asia, and also in European Russia and Germany, would scarcely seem credible to this country. You never see a Russian peasant at dinner but you see the lump of black bread and a cucumber. The vegetable seems certainly a singular dish to be so national in a country with a climate like that of Russia. Some writers say that there used to be a great annual fair at Leipsic for cucumbers, when the streets were heaped up a story high with that precious element of German cookery. In Germany barrels of half and also fullgrown cucumbers are preserved from one year to another by immersion in deep wells, where the uniform tem-perature and exclusion from air seem to be the preserving agents. Tartary has been assigned as the native country of the cucumber, but upon what authority is equally questionable with that of the melon. No modern traveler appears to have found it growing wild .- Western

-There was one woman, young and very demure, among the passengers in gang of masked robbers appeared, she there as a part of the machinery of the his foot. "That's Canada, and that's told the five men in the vehicle to hand the United States. You pays your money and you takes your choice." their watches and money to her. They did so, and she hastily hid the articles under her clothing. When the high-waymen came to her in their search, she blushingly begged them to be content The Colonel fell back against the bar. at the spot with his glass. "English only a few stray dollars, missing things think as the next sthate will be did not cry out. He did not curse. soil! God bless old England! I love worth about \$10,000,—N. Y. Mail.

O'Brien."—Oil City Derrick.

The Niagara Hackman.

"Niagara is a nice place," I ventured; "I would like to live here all the

year. Is the society good?" "S'ciety good? You bet! I'm a mem-ber of six churches, four lodges of Odd-Fellows, all the political clubs, and I don't know how many temperance societies. (Sam, that whisky you gave me is not good. You used somebody else's bottle.) Niagara boasts the best s'ciety in the world, and everything is reasonable here. I'll take you all over for \$2.25, sir, bein' as it's you."
"Too much," I said. "Wait awhile;

tell me something about your experiences up here." "I'll tell you how we do. We drive

up to the depot an' wait for the train. There's about thirty of us, the reg'lars, you know. When the passengers drop off we look at 'em, kind 'o size 'em up, you know, an' we can tell pretty well what a man is worth an' how long he'll stay. If he looks sort 'o poor like an' only earries a small sachel, we know one day'll fix him. But if a man an' his wife an' family comes an' bring three or four trunks, that's a healthy sign, an' want of this vegetable was one of the to take pay for carryin' him to the hogrievances complained of to Moses by tel, but we give him a card, an' then an' we know all about him. If he tips ular manner by some of the early Greek | the waiters, that's another encouraging writers on plants. Cucumbers grown in | sign. Then he comes out on the pinzzs where the tourist makes a mistake. He then I'll show you around for \$2, because I like you, you know."
"Thanks," I timidly said, as I hid

my blushes. "There was a party, just married, came here from Chicago last week. booked 'em. 'I want to see the falls,' said the husband, 'an' I want to be driven all over; how much will it cost?' I sized him up an' says, 'Ten dollars, sir, an' l'll give you my best team.' His wife said she would like it, and in they got. I drove em over to the park, got em inside, and the gatekeeper says \$1.50, please.' The man paid it. I took 'em over to the shaft, to go down, an' the keeper says, '\$1 each, please. an uncooked state, as he tells us it will He paid it. Down-stairs the man said, '\$1 each to go under the falls.' He paid it. Then over Suspension Bridge; '\$1.75,' said the man in charge. He paid it. Down to the whirlpool. 'Fifty cents each,' said the keeper. He paid it. Then around to the place where you can see Brock's monument. 'Fifty cents each,' said the keeper. He paid it. The precise date at which the cu-cumber was first cultivated in England is unknown. It was probably intro-door. He paid it. Then to the museum; the country. It became neglected in to his wife, 'go inside, I'll be in soon.' his "Paradisus" (1656), tells us that in here, he says, 'I'll make a deal with many countries they eat cucumbers as you. When my wife comes out tell her we do pears and apples, paring and giving slices of them as we would to our I'll give you \$5." He did, an' I lied to friends of dainty apple or pear. The his wife an' drove 'em home. They took the train that night, an' I missed 'em. Bill Johnson carted 'em down to

> "They paid well," I suggested. "Yes, fairly well; I'll take you over o see everything for \$1.50, sir; 'cause you're an agreeable fellow. (Yes, gimme the same, Sam.") "I'll go to-morrow morning at nine o'clock. Come around to the hotel for

"Look at that rig, eh;" the hackman said: "how's that for style?" "Splendid," I said, as a prettily dressed young lady drove by in a village

"Yes, sort o' pretty," he said. "I'm her father, an' she likes style." "That's a pretty house on the corner." I said, as we moved on the street. "Some nabob with lots of money lives here, I suppose?"

"That house over yonder? That house with the high stoop and stained glass windows? It's mine? My wife liked it, and I bought it to oblige her!" "You'll call at nine o'clock to-morrow?" I said.

"Yes," he said, "I'll take you all around for a dollar. Good-by!" I went to my hotel. I asked for my bill. I didn't like it. It was too big. am not Vanderbilt nor Rothschild. had no desire to see the falls. I would take the first train out. I had just time to write a few words to the man who had drank at my expense, as follows:

Want to see the Falls. Or the Park. Or Goat Island. Or go under the Falls. Or the Cataract. Or the Horse-sh Or see the American Falls. OR SEE YOU!

And I slipped out of the hotel, disguised, and took the next train.—N. Y. ricer Islan

The Wisest Man.

"Who is the wisest man mentioned in the Scriptures?" asked Miss Goodenough of one of her Sunday-school class on a recent Sabbath. "Paul!" exclaimed the little fellow,

confidently. "Oh, no, Johnnie; Paul was a very good man, but Solomon is mentioned as the wisest man."

"Well, my father says Paul was the wisest man, because he never married; and I guess father ought to know!" replied the boy, rather emphatically.
And Miss Goodenough, who has reached the sunless side of forty, did not contradict him, even though she may have had her own views upon the subject .- Yonkers Statesman.

-"Faith," said Jimmy O'Brien,
"America is the friend of the Irish. Bedad they think so mooch of the Irish